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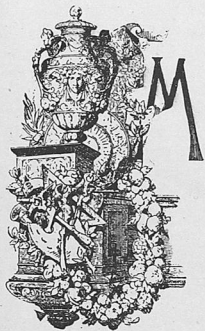
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THE HOME OF MRS. OLE BULL.

By ELIZABETH WALLING.



MRS. OLE BULL, widow of the violin virtuoso, has a unique and beautiful Old Colonial house in Cambridge, Mass. A broad driveway sweeps around to the front door, which is, paradoxically, situated at the back of the house, facing a large garden and a picturesque stable, which shelters half a dozen Norwegian ponies.

Except in the dining-room, the walls and ceilings of the lower floor of the house are paneled in wood, that in the large music-room being teakwood, and, in part, finely carved. The spaces between the beams of the ceiling are roughly plastered and gilded a dull gold to harmonize with the paper which covers a part of the wall. The color scheme is a dull blue-gray;

the deep cushioned window seats are of Persian pattern, and the simple draperies blend harmoniously.

The fireplace—large enough to roast a baronial ox—is of wrought iron, tiled in Old English style, and holds tall antique bronze fire dogs. Bric-à-brac is conspicuous by its absence; there are no irritating little tables to tip over. A short stairway leads to a platform lighted by a mullioned window, and connected from the other side with the main stairway.

On the grand piano lies Ole Bull's famous violin, with its diamond-tipped bow, and near by is a fine bust of him who drew forth all the sweetness that even a Stradivarius holds in fee. The bust is so placed in relation to a gas jet that its features are illumined thereby.

Leading from the far end of the music-room is a sort of inner sanctum, a tiny room separated by a blue Japanese beaded portière, and filled with souvenirs, books, pictures and musical manuscripts, inscribed with pleasant sentiments by their distinguished authors.

The dining-room walls are papered in dull red, with a slightly raised tracery. Indian rush mats are used on the mahogany dining-table instead of too sharply contrasting linen, and the chairs are of mahogany and stamped leather.

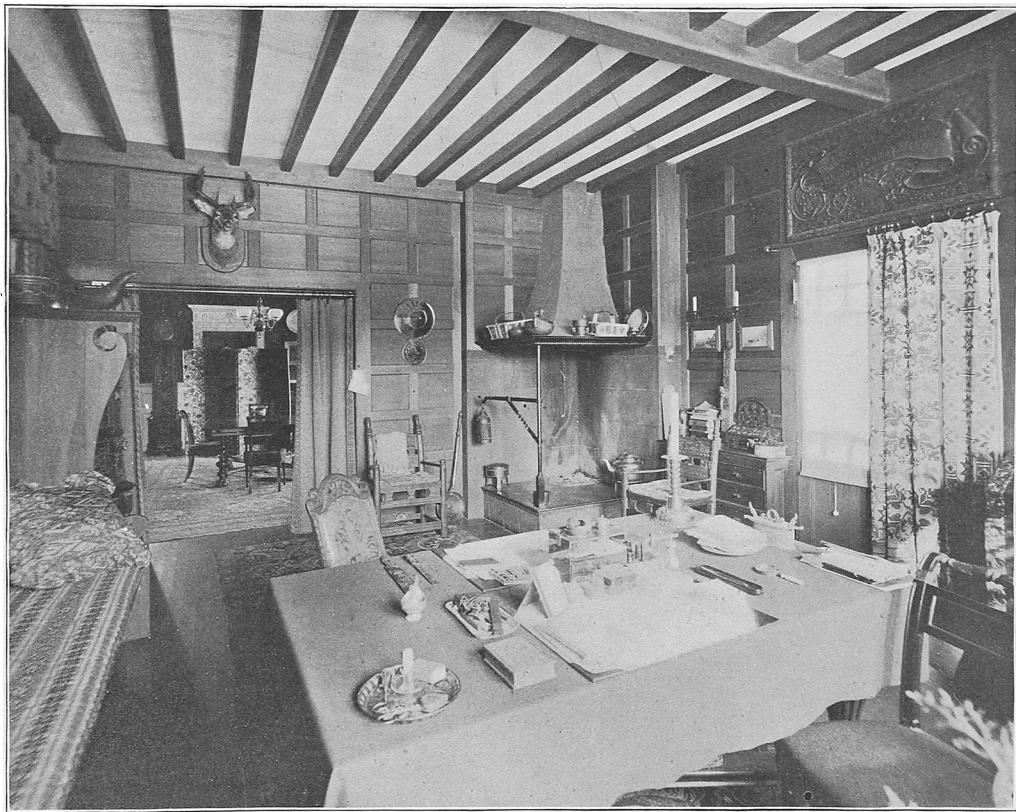
The Norwegian room is the most characteristic feature of the house. Its walls and ceilings are plainly



THE MUSIC-ROOM IN THE HOME OF MRS. OLE BULL.

paneled in white wood, the interstices are of gray-white plaster. The upper halves of the windows are mullioned, and high in one window are perched pots of living green. Over the other window is a beautifully carved wooden scroll, bearing in raised Scandinavian text the Scriptural benediction: "The Lord bless thy goings out and thy comings in." The counterpart of this was found in a Norwegian peasant's cottage, carved by the crippled son, who also made the copy. Everything in the room has come over seas from Norway, and

confection hot on winter mornings. The square corner fireplace is distinctively Scandinavian. It is built out instead of recessed into the chimney, and is of iron, painted dull red and black. The floor is raised a foot from the floor of the room, and the roof or top is level with the average head. On the crane are strung copper and iron pots and kettles differing quaintly from those of American manufacture. Along one side of the room runs a seat cushioned with artistic cotton stuff of Norwegian weave and pattern. The large writing-table



MRS. OLE BULL'S NORWEGIAN DINING-ROOM.

many have historical and other interesting associations. Norsemen emulate the North American Indian in their love of brilliant hues. Many of their commonest household utensils are fashioned after the semblance of domestic animals and fowls, and painted with bright pigments. The untraveled would scarcely guess the use of the hollow-backed hens and ducks woven of pliable wooden strands, and painted red and yellow. They are bread baskets, milk jugs, and knife and fork repositories, and several of them are scattered about Mrs. Bull's Norwegian room. A pair of curious brass plaques suspended on the wall, and which might pass for the breastplates of a medieval knight, served the homelier purpose of pancake covers, and kept the comforting

was brought from Ole Bull's house on the cliffs of a Norwegian fjord.

The housekeeperish soul would revel in the ample linen-presses built into the walls of the halls and painted in panels of cream and dull green—the predominating hall colors, the high-armed window seats being painted white and cushioned in dull-green corduroy—and the invalid would rejoice in the sun bath afforded by the glass-room over the front porch.

Here are pictures of Ole Bull at all stages of his career, from the slim-waisted youth in flowered waistcoat, holding his beloved violin under his arm, to the silver-haired man, still hugging the violin, and with the fire of genius still alight in his eyes.